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SPORTING FISHES.

FROM the north-west point of the island of Sumatra, which forms one of the sides of the Malacca Straits, a line of islands and islets stretch several hundred miles into the Bay of Bengal. This line is broken into two series, the one being the Nicobar group, and the other the Andaman group; the islands varying in character from low flat cocoa-nut groves to lofty mountains, rising in one case—that of the Great Andaman—to the height of 2400 feet, and clothed with the majestic trees of the tropical forest. The whole of the Indian Archipelago is usually considered as the summits and plateaux of submarine mountains, continuing one of the great chains of Asia; and in like manner these islands appear to have once formed portions, now insulated by the sea, of the vast island of Sumatra, which is even now not less than a thousand miles long. The Nicobars, when viewed on the map, are comparatively small patches of land; while the Andamans, expanding in large areas, form a majestic termination of the island-continent.

These two groups, however, though so nearly related in physical geography, present the most extraordinary moral contradictions. The inhabitants of the Andamans are Oriental negroes, of dwarfish stature, with woolly hair, hideous physiognomies, and untameable dispositions; while those of the Nicobars are of the Malay race, with brown complexions, tall, well-formed figures, and minds susceptible to the influences of civilisation. It need hardly be added that these races are deadly enemies, and that the area of sea between them is the theatre of a continual war. Both live chiefly by fishing; but the Andamanians tumble in their rude canoes among the surges without ingenuity enough in their hunger to extort from nature more than a niggard meal; while the Nicobarians familiarise themselves with the secrets of the deep on which they depend, become acquainted with its inhabitants, and seduce into treachery against their kind, and bring over to their own service as agents and ministers, the very fishes themselves.

The cause of this ingenious people being driven to depend so much upon the sea, is not the scantiness of the land that has fallen to their share, for in reality their islands are in some instances of considerable size and great altitude; but the tyranny of tropical vegetation has driven them to the very margin of the water. A narrow strip of land is cleared round the sea—all else is impenetrable forest. The sun itself cannot enter these abodes of silence and gloom; and even the wild beasts, so common in these latitudes, find no harbour where there is neither light nor air. The stillness of this jungle is not merely solemn, but terrible; and it is not surprising that the imaginations of the inhabitants

of the coast should have peopled it with demons, and that their religious services should consist of sacrifices and incantations. In the year 1756 the Danes attempted a settlement on these islands, but in vain. They perished to a man before the pestiferous breath of the jungle growth; and subsequent settlers, some apostles of Mammon, and some of Christ, had not better fortune. Their domestic cattle, however, still live in a wild state on the edges of the forest; and the descendants of their swine, fed on the pulp of the cocoa-nut, are a valuable article of barter with European ships.

The natives, thus confined to the shores by nature herself, are true men of the sea. The women cultivate the strip of land between the water and the jungle, which produces cocoa-nuts, and areca-nuts, pine-apples, plantains, lemons, and other fruits; while the men give themselves up to fishing. They live not only by the sea, but in the sea. Their huts, resembling a circular rick of corn, are perched upon long stakes, and at high-water the tide flows beneath them. They are thus secure from reptiles and insects; and when they draw up their ladder at night, the solitary family sleep in safety, lulled by the murmur of the waves. Ten or a dozen such huts are congregated near each other, and form a village, presided over by a sort of chief, who has no other privilege than that of caring for the public good, and no other reward than the pride of high station. The dress of this primitive tribe is a sort of petticoat for the women, and for the men a piece of narrow cloth wound round their loins, and hanging to their heels. This last particular gave rise to the report of the Swedish navigator Kiöping touching men with tails, which Lord Monboddo confirmed by anatomical and philosophic reasonings.

But in these islands man in his amphibious habits is only an imitator of the lower class of their inhabitants—alligators, turtle, crabs. The woods are too dense to harbour tigers and other wild beasts; but the shores teem with all kinds of creatures that belong jointly to the land and the sea. The crustacea are peculiarly abundant and splendid; but the turtle is the most important to the islanders, serving as an article of barter with European mariners, whether living, or represented by its valuable shell—for all species are found here. Turtle-hunting is at once the business and pleasure of the Nicobarians; and in this department of the chase their ingenuity is exercised in a strange and interesting manner. Your turtle is a difficult customer to deal with. During the day he betakes himself to the sea, where his pasture is among the tender algae at the bottom; and although not fish enough to remain below for any very considerable time, he requires only a short visit to the surface to recover his wind. The sea-hunter may dodge him long enough, with his spear poised, before finding him sufficiently near to present a reasonable mark; and it is only when the huge creature, tired

with flight, or sport, or the labour of diving, lays himself flat upon the surface to take a nap in the sunshine, that his pursuer has any chance. The sea at this time appears to be clear for the animal's repose. The air is silent; for the deep jungle on the land is as still as death. His soft pillow undulates with a dreamy motion; and there he lies, never thinking that the watchful man of the sea, cowering in his tiny canoe at a distance, is preparing to steal upon his slumbers.

These slumbers have been known to be so deep, that a fisherman has fastened his boat's line to the paddles of the prize, and caught—a Tartar; for the turtle, starting in wonder and alarm from his sleep, has fled like a race-horse over the surface—unable to sink—carrying with him line, boat, fisherman, and all. But even when the hunter comes prepared for his capture, and is able to strike him with his spear, the instrument may glance from the hard shell, or it may wound too slightly to do more than awaken the sleeper. The object of the spear is not to kill, but to fasten—its handle being connected with the boat by a cord; and unless it sinks deeply into the creature's back, the blow has failed. Our Nicobarian, therefore, would in most cases take nothing by his motion but the amusement of the sport, were it not for a strange ally he has contrived to press or coax into his service. This ally is a fish which he has become acquainted with in the course of his submarine adventures. It belongs to the Remora family, the same distinguished race which, according to the notion of our mariners, has given a pilot to the shark. The pilot-fish, however, so far from being the accomplice of the shark, is said by some naturalists to hunt that sea-murderer on his own account; and fastening to him by his sucker, which acts on the principle of a cupping-glass, to subsist on the juices of his body. The author of 'Memoirs of India,' notwithstanding, mentions, as a fact that had come within his own observation, that the shark, who refuses no other kind of food, will not attempt to harm this remora. Mr Wallace, indeed, saw the comparatively little creature swimming fearlessly through the monster's mouth when he opened it to swallow a bait.

However this may be, the remora of our turtle-hunter is the enemy of his friends' enemies, and is as useful in the chase as a dog, and, moreover, resembles pretty closely in figure our common dog-fish. He is about two feet in length, and is furnished with a large oblong sucker on the upper part of the head. To prepare him for the attack on his unwieldy prey, a long cord is attached to his tail by means of a ring passing round the root of that organ, while the other end is fastened to the canoe. The cord is plaited from the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, which, being light, strong, and elastic, answer the purpose admirably well. The hunter, accompanied by the sporting fish, paddles slowly and silently towards his quarry, and when near enough, he directs his friend caressingly to the intended object, and sets him off at full speed, paying out the cord as he flies. The trained animal makes straight for the turtle's back, and once there, his sucker is affixed in an instant, and the affray begins. The sleeper awakened plunges in headlong terror, unable to conceive what fiend it is he is carrying on his back. But the remora no more moves than the Old Man of the Mountain, and presently a haul upon the cord informs the turtle that he is wanted up stairs. Having as little peace under water as security above, the victim soon gets exhausted; and must needs rise to draw breath, when an opportunity is afforded to the fisherman to use his dart. Turtles, it may here be observed, are by no means long-winded, as is well-known to such seamen as have been engaged in their capture among coral lagoons; for,

by keeping them in constant motion with a long boat-hook, they soon get so exhausted as to become powerless, when they may be hooked up like a stone. Although the Nicobarian is pretty secure of the game in the long-run, there is much excitement and plenty of tumult in the chase. The smooth sea is broken with the headlong paddles and the convulsive splashing of the victim's flappers; and the moral beauty and repose of the picture, like the mirrored face of the waters, are likewise shattered into fragments. The tenacity with which the remora adheres to the object on which it fixes is so great, that some knowledge is required to detach it hold otherwise than by its own special consent. The sucker must be moved in a particular direction, or the disunion can only be effected by the destruction of the fish. This tenacity of hold was strangely confounded by the ancients with general muscular strength. Thus they say that at the battle of Actium, Antony's ship was kept motionless by a remora pulling against the efforts of the whole crew; and that 400 sailors tried in vain to move the vessel of Caligula till a remora was detached from the helm.

The same sporting use of the animal was formerly made by the islanders of America, more especially those of Jamaica and Cuba; but certain periodical visitors of the Nicobars, improving perhaps on the hints obtained there, exhibit still greater ingenuity in training to their service the inhabitants of the deep. These are the Chinese, who come hither once a year for ambergris and birds'-nests. The latter, our readers know, are the production of a species of swallow, which builds in rocky caves far from the habitations of man. They consist of a gelatinous substance resembling isinglass, and only differ from the nests of some other sea-birds in being composed of this substance alone, and free from hairs, straw, feathers, &c. Their most valuable quality is said to be their innoxiousness; and yet they cost the Chinese traders with the Archipelago an annual sum of about L.300,000.

The only reason we have, however, for thinking that the Chinese islanders at the northern end of the Archipelago may have taken the hint of taming fishes from the bird-nesters at the southern end, is, that nature always works upwards. The turtle-hunting of the Nicobars exhibits the rudiments of fish education, while the decoy-fishes of the Ladrone Islands are graduates in the most refined arts of civilisation. The Ladrone are a line of islands which run out from the southern extremity of China, a distance of 450 miles into the North Pacific. Magellan calls them the *Islas de Ladrone*—Islands of Thieves—because the natives stole everything they could lay their hands on; but Anson describes them as being an earthly paradise. The latter navigator visited them soon after the industrious inhabitants had been expelled by the tyranny of the Spanish colonists, and before the traces of human labour had been obliterated by the impetuous vegetation of the further east. Sick of their long voyage, the weary mariners would have found any land delightful; but here, where the tropical temperature was allayed by the trade-winds, where the bread-fruit was first seen to grow, and where the fresh soil and genial climate produced all things pleasant to sight, taste, and smell, they could have imagined themselves in the Islands of the Blest. Byron next came, and all was changed. Fields, gardens, meadows, all were swallowed up in a rank vegetation that almost excluded the daylight, and this Eden of the Pacific was pronounced to be an uninhabitable wilderness. And nearly such it remains to-day, although with occasional tokens that recall its earlier beauty: lands rescued from the waste, yet bounded by overhanging woods, and here and there patches of verdure in the midst of still and lonely waters.

The islanders, like the others we have described, depend upon fishing; but their prey is far down in the quiet depths, and not of a kind to be mastered by the fierce, headlong, straightforward remora. Their capture demands stratagem rather than force; and an intelli-

gent fish, accordingly, is trained in the arts of decoy, and sent down by his master to entrap his unwary fellows of the deep. The singularity of this fact is owing to the wide line of separation there is between human beings and the denizens of an element in which man cannot breathe; but in reality there are other fishes as open to the influence of humanity as the remora and the parrot-fish. Carp come up to be fed as readily as poultry, and hold their aldermanic shoulders to be scratched and tickled, and we have no doubt would give vent to a regular guffaw if fishes were not proverbially mute. This, however, is all fun and frolic, with some self-interest at the bottom; but it is curious to notice the pride with which many of the inferior animals lend themselves to the purposes of man, more especially when these are wicked and bloodthirsty. The hawk, the dog, and the stalking-horse, are familiar instances; but none of them surpasses in sagacity, duplicity, and patience, the parrot-fish of the Ladrone islands.

This is a great, stout, lumpy fish, with red scales—like a sharper passing himself off for a bumpkin in a scarlet waistcoat—and his mouth is shaped like a parrot's beak, which gives rise to his popular name. He is lodged by his master in a pond within the reefs, and is carefully tended and fed, and trained for the duty he is expected to perform. A hole is made in the cartilage near his mouth, and when there is work for him to do, a cord is passed through this, and he is led to the field of action. This must be on a soft still day, when Anson's paradise may be supposed to be slumbering within its circle of hoary woods. The station is on the outer edge of one of the coral reefs which almost surround the islands. The sea below is as clear as the sunny air above, and the fisherman peers from his light canoe several fathoms down into the secrets of the deep. He is provided with a large landing net, kept open at the mouth with a hoop, and to this he attaches the cord of his tame fish, and sinks all into the sea.

The intelligent animal knows what he is about: he knows that it is his business to inveigle his own kind into the net, and he acts accordingly. When he sees a brother fish worth entrapping, he rises above the mouth of the net, and makes believe that he is eating something dainty. If this will not do, he begins to bounce and play in so innocent and inviting a manner, that the stranger feels his shyness wearing off. There are pirates, however, in these latitudes, and he must mind what he is about; and perhaps Red-waistcoat overdoes his part a little, and is too vehement in his gambols. He is curious to know, however, what kind of an odd fish this is, and sails round and round him till he is fairly within the influence of the innocent-looking decoy. They determine on a game at romps, or perhaps a sham fight; but Parrot-beak pretends in his turn to have his doubts, or on some other pretext sinks down into the net. The stranger follows; they soon become friends and playfellows; and the unhappy dupe is too much absorbed in the game to observe that by some curious contrivance of nature he and his companion are rising gradually to the upper world. How can he doubt with a friend in his company so fearless and confident? Should a suspicion, however, at length cross his brain, it is too late. The net is already close to the surface; and by a jerk of the fisherman's stalwart arm, the betrayer and betrayed find themselves floundering together in the canoe.

Perhaps the moralist may find fault with the parrot-fish for his treachery; but we would suggest, in mitigation of blame, that he may himself have originally lost his liberty by the same means, and that the seductions and evil training of his human master may thus have received added force from a vague feeling of revenge against his own kind. But hold!—we are now plunging into a sea of metaphysics, not so clear as the sunny waters of the Ladrone. All we shall say further is, that the decoy-fish is stimulated by success to fresh exertions, and that he multiplies his trips to the

bottom, till the rising wind or falling shadows send the solitary fisherman home to his hut, and his faithful and intelligent ally to his tranquil pond and luxurious supper.

L. R.

THE ROSEMARY BRANCH.

It was on a fine hot day—84 degrees in the shade—that we started from the bustling Valetta (Malta) to visit that city of empty houses called Citta Vecchia. We were glad enough to escape into the open country—if I dare employ that word to designate a series of undulating fields of stones, intersected by a perfect network of white dusty roads and lanes, bordered by glaring walls. Our joy was not, as will be imagined, caused by what we found, but by what we escaped from. Valetta is a dull, handsome town, peopled, it would appear, by beggars from the Bastion Promenade to Nix Mangiare Stairs, where the sympathies of the tender-hearted are kept ever alive by awful tales of stout-looking fellows who have eaten nothing for forty days! Next in number to the mendicant herd are soldiers and guides, through a cohort of which latter we had to run the gauntlet from our hotel door to the fortifications. If Valetta contains any other classes of inhabitants, I did not see them. They remain unobtrusively at home, or glide unnoticed along the shady sides of the streets; whilst the beggars and guides surround one with almost menacing vociferation at every step. Nearly all I noticed of the city was caught in glimpses between the brandished arms and inflamed faces of these solicitors. I regretted their importunities less than I should otherwise have done, because, when the crowd opened for a moment, I saw nothing but red-coated Englishmen and kilted Highlanders.

We breathed freely when we had passed those vast moats, which I have recently seen somewhere very aptly compared to valleys; and in spite of the tremendous heat, trod it gaily down the road. Those who have never felt the influence of a dry hot climate like that of Malta, can scarcely understand the exhilarating effect of such a walk. We seemed to imbibe sunshine by every pore. Our eyes brightened, our cheeks glowed, our chests dilated, our step grew lighter and freer. The conversation was naturally without sequence; but it reflected the gladness of our hearts. Joyous sallies and pleasant anecdotes conducted us in unobtrusive forgetfulness of time, of the aim of our expedition, and even of surrounding objects, to the door of a little roadside public-house, recommended to passers-by under the attractive name of 'The Rosemary Branch.'

An open door leading into a clean-sanded parlour, that looked cool and refreshing, suggested to us the idea that we were thirsty; and we mechanically entered. There was nobody at first to serve us, and we thumped in vain upon the table. At length a soft feminine voice, with the true island accent, cried, 'Coming, sirs; and presently a young girl ran quite breathless into the room.

'Beg your pardon, gentlemen,' said she, with a Maltese curtsy; 'but mother is putting on father's leg, which is why you were kept waiting. What is there for your service, gentlemen?'

We asked for some ale, and a bottle was soon put before us; but we had almost forgotten our thirst in admiration of the charming face of that young girl. She was dressed in a black gown, and wore the hooded mantle which makes all Maltese women look like hired mourners. But her motions were easy, graceful, and gay, and her delicious features sparkled with youth and happiness. She did not notice the attention with which we regarded her, for whilst going rapidly through all the forms of politeness which the rural hospitality of an inn requires, her thoughts were evidently far away.

'Probably,' said my companion smiling, 'the marriage-day is fixed.'

I looked at him with envy, for he felt, I thought, not

one particle of the melancholy regret, which may be a form of jealousy, experienced by some sentimental natures at beholding the bright, the pure, and the lovely, leaping with careless merriment into the turbid stream of life that is to hurry them they know not whither.

A respectable-looking old man with a wooden leg came stamping into the room to see if we were served. 'Cica,' said he, perceiving that all was right, 'go to your mother. She has something more to say to you before you set out.' Her joy, then, was caused by the prospect of a walk or a journey.

'Parbleu!' said my companion in French, a language little understood in Malta, 'the girl is glad because she is going to the great town which we are so delighted to escape from.'

'No, sir,' observed the old man, mingling with simplicity in the conversation; 'my daughter passes the week at Valetta, and she has come out to see us, as she does nearly every Sunday. Her joy, if you wish to know, is caused by the news we have given her that her brother is going to preach to-day for the first time at Citta Vecchia. She is on the point of starting to be present.'

'We are bound thither likewise,' replied I.

'Then she will act as your guide. Cica—Cica—make haste! Here are two gentlemen going to Vecchia, and they will be glad of your company. Good-by, sirs, good-by. Don't forget the Rosemary Branch.'

'Never!' said I, following Cica and my companion out into the glaring road.

The remainder of the journey was more delightful than the beginning. Cica walked with a light and graceful step between us, looking up now to one, and now to the other, and keeping alive our attention by a stream of innocent prattle. I scarcely knew what age to give her: sometimes she seemed quite a woman; at others a mere child. Her form was tolerably well developed; but she had the unimpassioned eyes of an infant—deep, blue, and limpid like the heavens they reflected.

The road, after many undulations, began to ascend the steep hill upon which the half-deserted old city stands, and we obtained wide views of the stony slopes of the island—splashed with spots of green vegetation—and of patches of the indigo sea. The majestic Valetta rose in almost magical grandeur, with its forts, and bastions, and terraces, towards the blue skies, and seemed to sparkle and tremble in the sunshine as if about to dissolve 'like the baseless fabric of a vision.' To the left, as we looked back over the garden of San Antonio, was the wide sweep of St Paul's Bay, where the apostle and his guards were shipwrecked on their way to Rome; to the right, our view extended sometimes as far as the populous Casals of Tarxien and Zeitun.

The scene, as I have said, possesses few of the charms which vegetation gives to a landscape. The imported soil of Malta is scanty and hungry, the trees are stunted, and the herbage is gray and parched; but here and there, in some more favoured spot, down at the bottom of some zig-zagging valley, or on the well-irrigated northern slope of some hill, were bright emerald streaks or patches, showing in gay contrast to the stony expanses around. Besides, the sun and the sky seemed to throw down vivid colours on every object, and to bathe the whole island in a kind of dancing glow of light, that collected in particular intensity round the numerous Casals, each with an imposing church, that stud this extraordinary island.

We did not stop often, for Cica pouted at every moment of delay, and threatened to run away and leave us. There was no resisting her; she led us as if by a string. Even my matter-of-fact companion, who professed to be proof against the magical influence of beauty, puffed bravely up the steep road in his endeavours to serve the impatience of little Cica, who on her part did not seem disposed to quit us.

'You must hear him preach,' said she. 'He is so pretty: it will be very amusing.'

These words, which filled us with surprise, were scarcely out of her mouth when a buzz of small voices attracted our attention, and a crowd of rosy little beggars, showing a vast number of pearly teeth, came dancing round a corner, singing out the eternal 'Nix mangiare!' (Nothing to eat). It was a flood of fluttering curls, chubby faces, and tiny hands, that rose not much higher than our knees. Cica, who seemed well known to all these urchins, tried to look tall and grand; but a sturdy little ruffian, about two years old, toddled up to her, and familiarly caught hold of the skirts of her gown; a girl, just escaped from the cradle, hung on by the tail of her mantle; another leaped up to seize her hand—all vociferating the comical falsehood, 'Nix mangiare—nix mangiare!' Cica could not resist the appeal, and after distributing two or three smart boxes on the ear to the most uproarious, began to search her pockets for some small coins. We came to her aid, and soon succeeded in satisfying the merry group of infantine mendicants.

We were assailed by older applicants a little higher up. 'Ought we to give?' said I to Cica.

'To be sure,' she replied, looking surprised; 'if you can afford it.' We were indiscriminately generous, and were rewarded by an approving glance.

'It strikes me that we cut a sad figure for two political economists,' whispered my companion, wiping his streaming forehead. 'I am afraid that one of us is in love with Miss Cica!'

We did not determine which, but followed our charming little guide through the gates of the city, and were soon moving along a labyrinth of cool, shady, and deserted streets. I now asked Cica why she expected the sermon to be amusing, and why she told us that the priest was pretty? The only answer was a silvery laugh, and an injunction to make haste.

'She is poking fun at us,' said my companion.

I scouted the heretical idea, for I had already invested my Cica—the word is written; let it stand—with well-nigh every virtue under heaven, frankness especially. It would have cost me too much to believe that this child-woman was keen enough already to divine the impression she had produced, and heartless enough to make it a subject of sport. The good and the true never receive respectful admiration but with gratitude.

We walked behind her, sadly resigned; for she seemed no longer to have any thoughts to spare for us. Her whole soul was projected forward to taste by anticipation her brother's triumph; for it was evidently in a worldly point of view that she regarded the matter. The performer was to be 'pretty'; the performance 'amusing!'

On arriving before the gate of the Jesuit's College, Cica made a gesture of farewell, and glided hastily beneath the sombre archway. I confess that I was not prepared to part in this manner, though what other parting could I have expected? She had waved her hand, had thrown a too impartial smile towards us, had rested her golden glances upon us for a moment, and had disappeared. Words could not have expressed her sentiments better. But still, I know not why, when I saw her dark, little form melt like a shadow in the distance, a feeling of solitude came over me—something akin to that of a child abandoned in a gloomy wood by its mother. As my companion drew a long breath, which might be called a sigh, I supposed that he shared my impression.

We learned from the porter that Padre Esmonde, the superior, was engaged for the time; but Father Connell, a pale, ascetic-looking personage, who happened to pass, gave orders to conduct us to the chapel, where service was going to commence. They led us through a garden filled with ladies from Valetta, among whom our eyes in vain sought for Cica, and through a series of vast echoing halls and corridors and staircases to the chapel, fitted up with the luxury of ornament common to Ca-

tholic places of worship. It is unnecessary to describe the ordinary ceremonies; but judge of our surprise when we saw a boy, a child of not more than eleven years old, dressed out as a priest, and preparing to address the congregation! We now understood that in this college, probably in order to give them a taste for a holy vocation, the pupils, either in turns, or as a reward of merit, actually perform the part of priests in a consecrated building. On this occasion Cica's brother, after having blessed the assembled people, delivered in Italian an impassioned oration, consisting principally of fervid addresses to the Virgin Mary. Nothing was wanting to render the exhibition complete. He now clasped his hands—now pointed to the cross, and the images, and the paintings around—now appealed to the altar, illumined in broad daylight with a row of pale tapers. He was a remarkably clever boy; but the whole scene was a disagreeable one. The parody of a solemn ceremony is never pardonable.

I thought sometimes of the innocent joy which Cica must experience at beholding her brother dressed out so finely, addressing so imposing an assembly from so commanding a position. How 'pretty' he must have appeared to her; how 'amusing' must have been the scene! If her mind reverted at all to us, it was doubtless to represent us in ecstasies at this wonderful performance, probably the most interesting she had herself ever witnessed.

We rapidly examined the general arrangements of the college—which, in a sanitary point of view, are admirable—and then took a quiet stroll in the garden. Our principal talk was of Cica, whose charming face we sought beneath every black hood that passed; but though we saw many bright eyes, we saw none so bright as hers. There was no face like her face, no form like her form, no step like her step!

'We must take care,' said my companion, 'not to repeat her name too often, lest we be overheard. The evil-minded are always ready to misinterpret. Let us call her by the name of her father's house—the Rosemary Branch.'

I looked at him, and envied him the delicacy of this idea. He had been slower to move, but was perhaps more deeply moved than I. Already his unacknowledged passion suggested to him to spare an unspotted reputation: he would not allow the breath of rumour to visit her cheek too roughly; the tendency which we all have to isolate the objects of love was developing itself. Any other expressed admiration than mine would probably have seemed a profanation.

So we called her the Rosemary Branch, and she bears that name in our memories even to this day.

We dined at a small inn whither we retired for an hour or so, more to unburthen our hearts in quiet than incited by hunger, and towards sunset went to pay our respectful adieus to Padre Esmonde. That urbane old gentleman shook us cordially by the hand, and showed us to a carriage he had purposely engaged for us. The politeness, considering that we were perfect strangers, was too great to be rewarded with thanks: we showed our sense of it in our manner.

The sun was setting in a purple mist as we rolled gently out of the gates of the hushed city; the sky was immaculate from horizon to horizon; all sorts of fugitive hues were spread over the weary landscape; nature, relieved from the torturing glare of day, seemed to be sinking precipitately into repose; the shadows hastily thickened under the thin branches of the trees; the gulleys began to look dim and gray before the purple and the gold had ceased to tremble on the crests of the hills. I remember being struck by the silence as we descended the hill. One or two lingering beggars, however, who kept in mind our bounty of the morning, saluted us with a cheerful 'Addio!' as we passed; a cow that toiled with steaming back up the steep lazily tinkled its bell; the waters of a half-dried fountain fell in large minute drops into a broken basin; and a man who wandered upon a distant slope drew long melancholy sounds from a reed

pipe. We reclined listlessly back in our seats, inhaling the perfumed breath of evening, and cherishing the prolonged vibrations of the sentiments we had both experienced that day. Suddenly a small voice that startled us, like a summons from the other world, was heard. The Rosemary Branch waved upon a mound by the roadside.

'I was told,' she cried merrily, 'that there was a carriage prepared to take you back; so I ran forward here to ask you for a help to Valetta. It is getting late, and it may not be good for me to be on these lonely roads at night. I am sure my good friends of this morning will excuse me.'

We answered by desiring her to leap in. Each held out a hand to help her, and in a moment there was she, to whom we had already bidden an eternal adieu in our hearts, sitting before us in the expiring light of evening; her long robes rustling amongst our feet; her hood thrown back, so as to allow the fresh breeze to play with the ringlets that clustered round her neck. I never shall forget that form as it appeared looming through the cold twilight; its ineffable loveliness softened down; its reality, as it were, almost effaced by the sober influence of the hour; dim as an old picture, as a friend seen in a dream, as the recollection of the dead that have been replaced. I could have travelled with it round the world!

But the journey was short, though Cica found time to relate to us a good deal of her little history: as how her father was a retired sailor with a pension, and how he still laboured only for his children's sake, and how he called his wife Admiral, his daughter Limpet, and his wooden leg Tom Tough.

'And what does he call his son?' inquired I.

'He calls him Antonio,' she replied gravely; thereby implying that the precocious learning and talent of the boy protected him in that rude but genuine circle from the familiarity of a nickname.

It was quite dark when we pulled up at the Rosemary Branch; but the worthy old host was smoking his pipe at the door by the light of a flickering candle, whilst the Admiral was looking anxiously down the road for the expected one. We were invited, with disinterested hospitality, to enter; but Cica, after giving a brief but vivid account of Antonio's success, insisted on proceeding at once to Valetta.

'Her heart yearns for some one,' thought we simultaneously—for each pressed the other's hand. The remainder of the drive elapsed in almost awkward silence. We on our part felt the anticipated anguish of a separation, in the form prescribed for the breaking-up of a day's acquaintance, whilst we could each have taken her in our arms, and bathed her chaste brow in our tears. She, with the magical intuition of sentiment, seemed to have at length discerned that something more was passing in our minds than what was trusted to our lips. All three made attempts to stir up the flagging conversation, but in vain; and not a word had for a long time been uttered, when we rolled beneath the dreary echoing tunnel that leads through the fortifications.

'It is like going into a tomb, my friends,' said Cica in a solemn voice as she drew shuddering closer to us. We have commented on the expression a thousand times, and interpreted it in a thousand different manners. The sombre comparison was most likely in unison with the other thoughts that occupied her mind. If so, we have the satisfaction of thinking that whilst Cica understood us, she was not offended by our involuntary admiration, and felt an instinctive regret as the hour of parting drew nigh.

The carriage stopped before a large tranquil-looking house in the upper part of Strada Stretta. Scarcely had the wheels ceased to roll, when the door opened, and a bright light streamed forth. The first object I saw was a fairy little head, with scattered curly hair high up towards the lintel. It was a laughing child astride the shoulders of a tall, handsome-looking young man: a

buxom serving-girl held a candle. All three looked eagerly forth.

'Whose is that delightful child?' exclaimed I, anxious to say something at parting.

'It is mine—mine!' she answered with a burst of maternal pride and a glance of gratitude; 'and this—laying her hand with triumph on the young man's head—this is my husband, the Sculptor Minotti.'

The double glories of wife and mother descended upon her as she spoke, and years seemed to thicken round her youthful brow—the girl ripened into the woman before our eyes. Yet we cannot forget the original impressions of that day. Until now, at least, the Rosemary Branch blooms fresh and lovely in our memories, and our sweetest thoughts cluster beneath its shadow. May it never wither; for there is no better legacy to old age than the pure traditions of youth!

THE SCIENCE OF ART.

THE hypotheses which refer Beauty to association of ideas and to expression have been confuted by abler pens than ours; and those which compose it of proportion, expression, colour, and other elements—even when they make proportion the chief constituent part—are, in our opinion, equally erroneous. The cause of such mistakes, as we have elsewhere surmised,* is a certain restrictedness of view, which has not yielded even to the inspiration of the subject, but which confines the beautiful within the circle of our common wants and instincts, and sees in it only the source of sensuous gratification. The same thing, however, is observable even in inquiries of a strictly experimental nature; and thus the superstitions of the Philosophers' Stone and the Fountain of Youth governed the pulses of philosophy throughout the entire world till comparatively recent times.

The conceptions of the elder Greeks regarding beauty were nobler than ours, and for that reason their art was of a loftier character. Their beauty was divine, not human; intellectual, not sensuous; and, like the Jews and Persians, they sought in the loveliness of the human form a type of the perfections of the Deity. A satyr peeping under the drapery of a sleeping goddess—this is a parable of ignorance and misapprehension on one side, and truth on the other. In the one figure there is an uninformed nature misapplying the divine to the objects of its own vulgar instincts, and in the other reclines the divine itself, untroubled and unconscious, in pure, silent, and passionless repose.

Expression, colour, fitness, association of ideas—all these, singly or united, may excite human love; but all these may and do exist without beauty. They are the talisman concealed in the hair of a hideous slave, which made her an object of passion to an accomplished prince. When the talisman was removed, he turned away in disgust from the woman he had worshipped; and even so does love fly with the qualities that inspired it. But if, instead of deformity, beauty should remain—would love, think you, linger after expression had changed, after bloom had fled, after fitness was lost, after associations were destroyed? Assuredly not. But in this case love would be replaced by admiration; the taste would worship instead of the heart; while the affections would fly away in search of a new object whereon to lavish their devotion. Beauty, then, is not a thing of the passions, but of the intellect; it does not belong to sex, or age, or race, or country; it is universal and divine; it is incapable of tarnish or desecration: the 'beauty of holiness' and 'beauty of God' of the Hebrew

prophets are better imaged in the heathen deities of Greece than in the pictured saints of the Roman church.

Winckelmann has ably described the singular concurrence of circumstances which aided the Greeks in their search after beauty; but he has omitted to give due weight to the lessons they learned in Egypt. It was thither their students went, before the golden age of Pericles, to be initiated in sculpture; and sculpture, it must be remarked, depended with the Egyptians entirely upon *proportion*, for their genius did not lead them to attach any importance to grace and embellishment. This fundamental part of art was known likewise to the Hebrews; and the following passage in Isaiah, who lived between 700 and 800 years before the Christian era, describes the process in his time of making a wooden statue:—'The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house.' The materials, it is added, were cedar, cypress, oak, and ash. This passage, which we have never seen quoted in reference to the subject before us, would seem to imply very distinctly that there was a science of proportion which enabled the sculptor to produce the likeness of a man, independently of the art which taught the refined and accomplished Greeks to endow it with poetical life. The purpose of the prophet is to ridicule the folly of the idolators who made a fire to warm themselves, and a god to worship, from the same material.†

That the science of proportion was known to, and observed by, the Greeks, and that it played an important part in their achievement of ideal beauty, receives corroboration from various circumstances. One of these was mentioned in our former article—the precise similarity of the various statues of each deity; a similarity which could hardly have occurred in the case of works executed by different hands, and at different times, unless through the agency of known geometrical rules. Another is the magical repose of their sculptures, which led Dr Knox to suppose that beauty consisted in the concealment of the inner integuments of the body. We accounted for this repose by the manners and habits of the people;‡ but as regards high art it had a deeper cause—namely, the necessity for preserving intact the symmetry of beauty. This necessity was lost sight of in modern Europe, even by the best Italian artists. In the illustrations, for instance, to Leonardo da Vinci's treatise on painting, now lying before us, the starting out of the muscles, in the constrained attitudes of the figures, is a momentary violation of the law of proportion, and the taste unconsciously resents the interruption. The statue of St Bartholomew, which we have seen in the duomo of Milan, representing the saint after he was flayed, with his skin hanging over his shoulder like a quantity of old clothes, is not so repugnant to the feelings; and the reason is, that the attitude of the figure is tranquil, and the denuded muscles therefore in their normal state. We now come to another and much more remarkable corroboration, which calls upon us to introduce to our readers one of the most valuable and original contributions that have ever been made to the philosophy of art.‡

There is a remarkable difference in the general form

* 'He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth meat, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god.'—*Isaiah*, chap. xlv.

† The analogy between Greek poetry and Greek sculpture is perfect. See the article 'Landro's Poetry,' in the last No. of the *Edinburgh Review*.

‡ On the Science of those Proportions by which the Human Head and Countenance, as represented in Works of Ancient Greek Art, are distinguished from those of Ordinary Nature. By D. H. HAY, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1849.

* 'Ideal Beauty,' in No. 338.

of the head, and in what is more especially obvious, the facial angle, between the human race and the inferior animals. The same difference exists, though in a less degree, between the various tribes of mankind, and between individuals of the same tribe; and it is observed as a general rule, both in animals and men, that the ratio of intellect is in proportion to the approximation of the plane of the face to a vertical line. Nature seems to proceed with effort, either to reach some standard of perfection prescribed by the Great Architect, or to recover some status lost at the introduction into the world of sin and wo. But *where* are these efforts to stop? What is the standard to be attained? In the living model the angle is seen at eighty degrees, and in high art at a *hundred!*—in other words, the nose in the latter is merely a projection of the line of the forehead, and both are parallel with the spine. Why should this difference exist between nature and art? And why should it exist among a whole nation, and to precisely the same degree? The inference is, that the Greek artists took their features from life, but composed them according to geometrical rule; and that this rule gives the line determined by nature, is shown in the fact, that the sculptures so produced some thousands of years ago remain to this day unapproachable in beauty. Mr Hay, in reference to the strangely unsettled state of so interesting a question, quotes the opinion of Hazlitt, that the Greeks found among themselves the beauty of their statues; and that of Haydon, that they were mere men like ourselves, and neither larger nor handsomer. But we would remark, that if beauty had really been common among the ancients, it would not have been exalted, as it was, almost to an object of worship; just as in like manner, if knowledge had been generally diffused among the fair sex, the few accomplished women whose names have come down to us would not stand out, as they do, like personages of history. Nature, however, we always repeat, works upwards, unless disturbed in her course by repelling influences. There are finer women in England to-day than those who graced the court of Charles II.; and Byron's Maid of Athens, described with so much unction in the travels of Mr Hugh Williams of Edinburgh, would have had altars erected to her in the days of Pericles.

Dr Knox, the latest writer on the subject, asserts that art preceded all theory; that the beautiful was discovered and chiselled by those who were ignorant of geometry, of the doctrine of harmonic proportions, and of anatomy; and that the artist, from the observation of living forms, was led on by inspiration to the scheme of nature. When he, however, and the other opponents of the geometrical theory, assume that the facial angle, which is not known to have been as yet attained by nature, was hit upon by the Greeks by the mere inspiration of genius, they forget that the question does not regard a single artist, but several successive generations of a whole people, politically divided into separate and exclusive states. Genius, we may venture to say, without running any risk of being condemned for the dogmatism, does not dispense her inspirations in this wholesale manner. A discovery in geometry may be communicated at once to a whole nation of geometers; but an example set to the unlearned by one or more men of genius will be followed only partially and gradually. 'That the inspiration of genius, combined with a careful study of nature,' says Mr Hay, with the diffident yet earnest spirit which characterises his labours, 'were essential elements in the production of the great works which have been handed down to us, no one will deny; but these elements have existed in all ages, whilst the ideal head belongs exclusively to the Greeks of the periods of Pythagoras and Plato. Is it not, therefore, reasonable to suppose that, besides genius and the study of nature, another element was employed in the production of this excellence, and that this element arose from the precise arithmetical doctrines taught in the schools of these philosophers?' Mr Hay might have added that the artists, the great men of their age,

the dispensers of fame, the familiars of the gods, and the pride and boast of their country, could not possibly have been ignorant of the little learning of the age. The science they were taught they must have applied in aid of the art they studied; and it is the object of Mr Hay's dissertation to determine the principles of proportion thus deduced.

Before coming to his theory, however, which seeks the laws of proportion in what would seem a very different matter—the laws of musical sounds—we would remind the reader of the wonderful simplicity of nature, and the extreme paucity of the elements she works with. It was formerly supposed, for instance, that the nerves of sensation were acted upon by different agents in the transmission of what belongs to each to the seat of consciousness; but we are now aware that the same electric stimulus produces in the eye the sensation of light, in the ear that of sound, in the nerves of feeling that of a shock, &c.* In the same way a distinction was drawn between light and sound; the former being supposed to result from infinitely minute particles of matter impinging on the optical organ, and the latter from its quality of producing vibratory motion. All this, however, has been overturned by modern science; and light as well as sound is known to arise 'from the infinitely rapid vibrations of bodies in their molecular structure, propagated through an extremely elastic medium.' Pythagoras had possibly no precise notions of this law; but he established a mystical connection between music and what are called the exact sciences (as if any were inexact), teaching by the former a knowledge of spiritual things, and imagining a harmony which regulated the course of the stars; and applying geometry to the explanation of things cognisable by the senses. The laws of melody (or musical proportion) were studied then and afterwards simultaneously with the laws of mathematical proportion. The age of Pericles was not remarkable for its sculpture alone: it was likewise the golden age of music. It was Pericles himself who built the Odeon, and instituted the musical contests at the Panathenian festival. The music of this time, derived originally from the lofty and religious strains of Egypt, retained a severe and heroic character, till the introduction of the softer Phrygian and Lydian styles—vainly banished by the impassable Plato from his ideal commonwealth.

We cannot do more, in a popular work like this, than give a very general notion of the manner in which Mr Hay traces the laws of proportion to the fundamental laws of harmonic ratio; and indeed it would be impossible for us to proceed further without the aid of such diagrams as enrich his own work. The vibrations of the monochord, however, are the basis of his theory; and by the aid of this simple instrument he appears to have solved a problem which has long been the despair of the learned world. Even Sir Isaac Newton, as Mr Hay mentioned in a paper he read recently to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, expressed his belief in the operation of the laws of numerical harmonic ratio in the composition of beautiful forms, although he did not attempt to explain the principle. 'I am inclined,' says the great astronomer in a correspondence on this subject with Sir John Harrington, 'to believe some general laws of the Creator prevailed with respect to the agreeable or unpleasant affections of all our senses; at least the supposition does not derogate from the power or wisdom of God, and seems highly consonant to the simplicity of the microcosm in general.' Mr Hay's plan is simply to form a scale composed of the well-known vibrations of the monochord, which are the alphabet of music, and then to draw upon the quadrant of a circle angles answering to these vibrations. With the series of triangles thus obtained he combines a circle and an ellipse, the proportions of which are derived from the triangles themselves; and thus he obtains an infallible rule for the composition of the head of ideal beauty.

* See Journal, No. 323, article 'Sensation.'

The divisions of the monochord which produce the common chord (the 1st, 3d, and 5th of the musical scale), when applied to the quadrant, give the three angles which alone are necessary to impart proportion to the head. The work before us goes no farther than the head; but the author is employed upon another, giving the proportions of the whole figure by the same rule; the division of the quadrant being continued as far as ten angles, and these arranged upon any given straight line representing the full length of the figure.

It might seem at first sight, to persons unacquainted with geometry, that this rule would apply only to a single figure, but in reality it is susceptible of infinite variety. Müller, in his 'Ancient Art and its Remains,' approaches the problem pretty nearly; but he stumbles at the difficulty of the application of any general rule to particular forms. 'The principles,' says he, 'which the ancients followed in regard to proportions (*symmetria numeris*)—and we know that this was a main object of artistic study—are naturally difficult to discern and determine, on account of the manifold modifications introduced by the application of them to different ages, sexes, and characters.' Now, the effect of Mr Hay's discovery is precisely to obviate this difficulty. The governing angle which produces a perfectly-formed woman is more acute than that which produces a perfectly-formed man; the governing angle of a Hercules is more obtuse than that of an Apollo: but in both figures the proportion deduced from these angles is fixed and inviolable. In removing this difficulty, however, Mr Hay does not pretend that his mechanical rules can take the place of genius. He merely presents a vantage-ground to genius for its flight; and where his science ends, high art begins. 'I beg the reader,' says he, 'to keep in mind that I confine myself to such variety as belongs to the permanent form of the anatomical structure, knowing that to impart the variety which results from the action of the muscles, and gives sentiment and expression to the countenance in obedience to mental impulses, requires the highest efforts of genius, and consequently belongs to a branch of art beyond the scope of a treatise the sole object of which is to point out the primary laws of geometrical harmony from which the countenance derives the beauty of its proportions.' It is manifest that the former modes of measuring by so many lengths of the foot, face, &c. can give, compared with this, but a very rude and unsteady approximation; and that the application of the laws of numerical harmonic ratio to the practice of the artist, would impart to his works a more scientific character than they at present possess, and so far from confining the efforts of genius, would tend to facilitate and assist them. 'Our schools,' says Mr Hay, 'instituted for instruction in the arts of design are conducted without reference to any first principles, or definite laws of beauty; and from the drawing of a simple architectural moulding to the intricate combinations of form in the human figure, the pupils have to depend upon their hands and eyes alone, servilely and mechanically copying the works of the ancients, instead of being instructed in the principles upon which the beauty of those works depends. The instruction given in these schools is addressed almost exclusively to the senses, without reference to the judgment or understanding of the pupils; and they are thus made to study and imitate effects without investigating causes. Doubtless men of great genius sometimes arrive at excellence in the arts of design without a knowledge of the principles upon which beauty of form is based; but it should be kept in mind that true genius generally includes an intuitive perception of those principles along with its creative power. It is, therefore, to the generality of mankind that instruction in the definable laws of beauty will be of most service, not only in improving the practice of those who follow the arts professionally, but in enabling all to distinguish the true from the false, and to exercise a sound and discriminating taste in judging of artistical productions.'

If Mr Hay is allowed to have solved the great pro-

blem of art, he must also be allowed to have set at rest the question respecting the facial angle of the Greek sculptors, which Dr Oken and others declare to be *unnatural*. This ideal beauty must be the point to which the efforts of nature are directed; otherwise the identity of its proportions with the science of acoustics must be a delusion. This ideal beauty must be the true natural beauty, to which mankind will advance with advancing knowledge and civilisation. 'In regard,' says Mr Hay, 'to this *original* perfection in the form and proportions of the human head and countenance—for such I conceive it to be—numerable causes have operated, and do still continue to operate, on the one hand, in degrading it, and, on the other, in counteracting this degradation; and to these operations may be attributed that endless variety of countenance by which nations, classes, and individuals are distinguished. Amongst such causes, the effect of climate, and, still more, the degree of civilisation under which a people is trained, seem to be the most effective. There can be no doubt that all the features are affected, to a great extent, by continual exposure to excesses of heat or cold; but their character is more permanently formed by the degrees of moral restraint, as well as by the privations and toil induced by the state of society. In savage life, on the one hand, the want of mental cultivation, and the consequent dormancy of the reasoning powers, must ultimately rob the countenance of its inherent capacity for intellectual expression. The modes also by which the means of existence are procured, along with continual exposure to the inclemency of the seasons, must produce a permanent expression of mere animal desire, and even in some cases of brutal ferocity. In civilised life, on the other hand, the employment of the higher faculties of the mind, agreeable occupations and amusements, refined modes of supplying the wants of nature, and the protection afforded from the inclemency of the weather, must all conduce towards regularity of the features, and impart to the countenance a permanent composure and serenity. As the passions by which the mind is thus moved, and the modes in which the wants of nature are supplied, act upon the muscles of the face, in giving them an enduring character, so must these muscles, in course of time, act upon the bones to which they are attached, producing a permanent effect upon the structure of the skull, which ultimately becomes hereditary in nations and classes. Hence the protruding jaws and high cheekbones of savage tribes, as compared with those of the more civilised races of mankind.' In illustration of this theory, he shows in a series of plates the process by which the anatomical structure geometrically changes from the most perfect development of the science of proportion, as exemplified in works of ancient Greek art, down to the most imperfect of ordinary nature.

In former works, Mr Hay has applied the harmonic theory to colour and form.* As the three fundamental notes of music, the 1st, 3d, and 5th of the scale, when sounded consecutively, produce the common chord, the foundation of all harmony in musical composition, so in chromatics, the three original colours, blue, red, and yellow, form the triad from which arises all harmony in painting. The same analogy is visible in form, where the circle, triangle, and square, being the three simple, primitive parts, give rise, in mathematical proportion, to all the varieties of beauty that delight the taste. In the works referred to, these ideas are illustrated by ingenious diagrams, without which, the system to unscientific readers would appear intricate and mystical.

It will be observed that a suspicion, and in certain instances a belief, in the existence of some hidden analogies of the kind existed long before the present day. Mr Hay's discovery, therefore, consists in the geometrical expression of these analogies—in the numerical

* *Laws of Harmonious Colouring*, 6th edition. 1847. *The Natural Principles and Analogy of Form*. 1842.

value, so to speak, of the relations that exist between the harmonic scale and form, colour, and proportion. He assumes to have brought to light the hidden truth, to have stripped it of its vagueness and mystery, and to have presented it with a scientific exactness and simplicity which, if it is once fairly recognised and established, must exercise a prodigious influence in every department of art, and bring the hitherto unattainable idealism of Greek beauty within the reach of modern genius. On this consummation Mr Hay will be admitted to the chief rank in the procession of æsthetical inquirers.

BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETIES.

MANY start at the word socialism in our day, without knowing, or at least without remembering, that there is an equitable kind of it in vigorous existence and progression amongst us, with the entire approbation of all rational persons. Whatever is to be the fate of this principle in its pretension as a mode for the distribution of the products of industry, it is certainly found highly efficient in the meantime for protecting individuals against many of the direr casualties of life. The most remarkable example of this is afforded by the insurance companies, which guarantee their members, to a modified extent, against the casualty of fire, and their families against the physical evils that follow in the train of death. The dwelling of a man who lives up to the last farthing of a confined income is burned to the ground, and its furniture utterly destroyed; but instead of being irretrievably ruined by the misfortune, he merely takes another house, and furnishes it anew with ready money. The father of a family dies without a shilling in his possession, and his income perishes with him; but his widow and children, instead of sinking to the workhouse, have a capital wherewith to continue alone the battle of life. And how do these things come about? Neither by magic nor by charity, but by the simple means of social co-operation. The timely fund is raised for our neighbours upon no principle of generosity or humanity, but by the mere fact of our taking steps to secure for *ourselves* the same benefit when wanted. In like manner ships are insured, as it is called, against the dangers of the sea; and even limbs and lives against the casualties of a railway journey; and the insurers exercise these kinds of benevolence as a business speculation, and usually find that their virtue, even in a pecuniary sense, is its own reward.

Such applications of the principle are not new in point of time, yet they are only slowly making their way among the people. Life insurance, in fact, has not yet come down to the poor; for to them it would be too complicated an affair, since the amassing of the premium even on L.100 (a magnificent sum to them) would require a separate and distinct prudential process. The numerous other schemes, however, at present in full operation, proportioned to the slenderness of their means, and adapted to the almost universal system of weekly wages, proclaim that the principle of co-operation is understood. Not to mention savings' banks, which are on a different footing—friendly societies, burial societies, clubs for assistance in time of sickness, or want of work, benefit companies of all kinds, attest that the people are awake to the practicability of the great plan of helping themselves by helping one another. Some of these associations, however, are insecure; some waste more in time than they pay in profit; and most of them, leaning upon the base public-house system, turn the very prudence and foresight of the poor into allies of their vices.

Benefit Building Societies are distinct from those we have named. Their object is highly important; their sphere embraces almost all classes of society; and they have taken so strong a hold upon the imaginations of the people, that, rapid as their progress is, it is difficult to say where it will stop. The idea, we are told by a work* which may be considered as the grammar of the system,

was first developed among the people of our own section of the island.

'The first Building Society which can be traced was founded in 1815, under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk. It was a village club at Kirkcudbright in Scotland. Other institutions of a similar kind were afterwards [previously] established in the same kingdom under the title of "Menages," and the system was soon adopted in England by societies formed in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Liverpool, and other parts of the north. After the year 1830 they increased so rapidly, that on the 14th of July 1836 a special act (6 and 7 William IV. cap. 32) was passed for their encouragement and protection, in the provisions of which were embodied certain clauses applicable to their conduct, which were included in the statutes relating to friendly societies passed in the reigns of George III. and George IV. As a proof of their numbers, it may be stated that, up to the 31st December 1848, there had been registered in the United Kingdom upwards of 2000 societies, of which in England alone 160 were added during the past year—a similar increase having taken place in Scotland and Ireland. Of these societies there is evidence to show that from 800 to 900 are yet in existence, the total income of which is calculated at not less than L.2,300,000 a year. In fact there are two or three of them whose annual incomes are between L.50,000 and L.60,000 each.'

The theory on which a Building Society proceeds is very obvious—after it is pointed out. Say that A pays B L.20 a year for a house of the value of L.300. At the end of fifteen years A has laid out L.300, with a certain additional sum by way of compound interest, and he is no more the proprietor of his house than at first. Suppose, however, that B was willing to have sold A the house at first at L.300, and to have taken the price in annual instalments extending over fifteen years, a mortgage on the property meanwhile being his security. In this case A pays L.20 yearly as a part of the price, and interest at (say) 4 per cent. on the sums remaining unpaid, till the whole is cleared off. We here set aside the annual L.20 as being a price for the house, and we then find that, at the end of the fifteen years, A has been his own tenant at a rent represented by the interest on the sum unpaid, together with the value of the aggregate money laid out at compound interest. Thereafter he continues to be his own tenant at the amount of the interest on L.300, which of course is considerably less than L.20. He is a gainer on the whole transaction, by the difference between the return for money laid out on house-property which is generally from 6 to 7 per cent., and that for money laid out at interest, which is seldom above 4, except in circumstances inferring risk.

To become proprietor of one's own house, by paying annual instalments of the price, is obviously a convenience to many persons in limited circumstances. So is it likewise to have a house built for them, that they may commence occupying it. Now it is of no consequence whether the house be provided by a proprietor or builder called B, or by a combination of many A's, who, clubbing their various sums of L.20 yearly, cause a certain number of houses to be produced yearly, until all have been provided. It is only doing that by social means which is usually done by individual efforts. Hence arises the Building Society. The economy of being a house-proprietor is approximately like that of being the proprietor of one's furniture. On entering upon housekeeping, no prudent man, if he can possibly help it, thinks of hiring furniture, well knowing that the hire amounts very soon to the whole value; and yet, says a writer in the 'Building Societies' Record,' how many thousands of persons there are in the metropolis only who deem it an unwise extravagance not to purchase their articles of household furniture, and yet are quite content to hire their houses! What numbers occupy hired houses or apartments to deposit their unhired furniture in!'

A Building Society is described by Mr Scratchley as a kind of joint-stock company, into which the members pay a trifling sum periodically, according to the number of their shares. It is usually composed of two classes of

* A Treatise on Benefit Building Societies, &c. By Arthur Scratchley, M.A. London: J.W. Parker. 1849.

persons—those requiring houses, and having that object in view solely; and those who merely wish to lend their spare money to the concern, with the view of its being ultimately returned to them with interest. The payments of the first class—called Borrowers—are so calculated as to enable them to repay by equal monthly or weekly instalments, within a specified period, the principal of the sum advanced to purchase their house, with whatever interest may be due upon it, throughout the duration of the loan. The Investors, as the other class are called, receive at the end of a given number of years a sum equivalent to the amount of their payments with compound interest accumulated upon them. The money thus accumulated is lent out to members desiring advances, and the interest raised making fresh capital, is employed in the same way, again and again, so as to be constantly reproductive. Most of these societies are terminable at the end of a fixed number of years; but the general feeling among persons acquainted with the subject seems now to be, that this is an improper arrangement. Various reasons are given for the opinion, but a single conclusive one is as good as a thousand. This is, that in such a society—say one terminating at the usual period either of ten and fourteen years—the opportunity for investment soon ceases. At the beginning of the term a man might be willing to engage to pay L.30 a year for fourteen years on a corresponding loan; but if only six years of the duration of the society were unexpired before he joined it, he might find L.59, 18s. a year highly inconvenient; and if only four years, L.85, 12s. 6d. a year quite out of the question. In the latter years of the society the business would be at a stand; or if any transactions were made at all, it would be with that wealthier class who are in little need of such resources. In the case of societies terminating in ten years, the evil would of course be greater; and we need scarcely remark that a cessation of business is equivalent to a loss, the calculations being based upon the supposition that all the monies received from subscribers are continuously invested until the winding-up of the concern.

We shall not follow Mr Scratchley closely in his section relating to 'societies on erroneous principles'—which unfortunately form a very great proportion of the existing societies. Several *hundreds*, for instance, proceeded upon the plan of L.120 shares, and 10s. monthly payments, for 10 years. That is to say, an investor who pays 10s. per month—L.6 a year, equal to L.60 for the whole term—is entitled, at the end of the 10 years, to L.120. To realise this profit to the society, the borrower is required to pay for his advance only 7 per cent.—being just about one-half of what would render such a result possible! Another numerous class of societies profess to return L.70 at the end of 10 years for L.30 contributed during that term in monthly payments of 5s.; and it professes to advance to its members at the outset the whole L.30 for the same rate of payment. In these societies, loans on such easy terms are of course in greater demand than can be met, and in the event of competition occurring, they are put up to auction. In the most favourable case for the society, however, it is shown that there would be an annual deficiency of 10 per cent. rate of interest. Other prospectuses promise their investing members 20 per cent. interest for the use of their subscriptions, while borrowing members 'will scarcely pay at the rate of 2 per cent. interest for their loans!' Again, 'It is calculated that those members who allow their subscriptions to accumulate at compound interest till the close of this society, will receive about 25 per cent. annual interest for the same, &c. &c.; and from 80 to 100 per cent. profit will be obtained by those members who purchase property with the money advanced to them by the society.' One grand cause of all this absurdity is the competition of new societies, whose primary object is to fill up their subscription lists—

Get members, members still—

And then, let profit follow—if it will!

In the older societies at Liverpool and Manchester the shares were fixed at L.150, and the monthly payments at

20s. per share, and many terminated successfully; but their successors, improving upon their plan, deduct one-half from the monthly payments, but only one-fifth from the amount of the shares, and so contrive, by some extraordinary hocus pocus, that the one class of its members shall receive what the other class does not pay!

A Permanent Society is thus described by Mr Scratchley:—'The investors pay a certain monthly subscription during a fixed number of years, calculated as sufficient for the realisation of their shares, at the end of which time the amount due is paid to them, and they secede from the association, as far as such shares are concerned. The investors represent the proprietors of the society. New members can enter at any time, and commence their subscriptions without paying up any arrears or any increase on the original entrance fee, whereas in terminating societies, the fee on entering is increased without sufficient reason year by year, until, from being originally only 2s. 6d., it is in some cases raised to L.6 per share. The duration of a membership is counted from the month of a member's first entrance. This causes every month a fresh series of members to be added to the society, or new shares to be issued, so that, taking an example, if the term of membership were 10 years, or 120 months, and 50 new shares on the average were taken up every month, there would, at the end of the first 10 years, be 6000 shares subscribed, supposing always that if any were withdrawn, the average were yet kept up by an increase in the new-comers. At the end of the first 120 months, or 10 years, 50 would be paid out; but as new members would come in, the number of subscribers would be undiminished, and month by month afterwards, as successive periods of 120 months were completed, old members would go out, and new ones come in.'

In this society a member ceases to be an investor when he becomes a borrower, receiving whatever amount is due to him on his investing shares, with interest up to the time of borrowing. The loan, secured by mortgage on the property purchased, is for an optional fixed number of years, and is repaid, with interest, by a corresponding monthly subscription. The interest is greater than the rate promised to the investors, perhaps by 2 per cent., and the difference forms a management and contingent fund to meet expenses and losses. With regard to the investors, instead of reducing their subscriptions to an amount consistent with the theoretical *hopes* of the projectors, they are kept sufficiently high to meet any probable disappointment; and the bonus system is adopted, or periodical division of profits, which has been found so successful by the life-assurance societies. Investors desiring at any time to withdraw, receive the amount they have actually paid, with compound interest.

* As an example of the working of this society:—Suppose a member purchases a house for L.300, which would return a *net rental* of L.30 per annum,* and he borrows that sum, for which his repayments during ten years, covering principal and interest, would amount, at per annum (by monthly instalments of L.3, 11s. 3d.) to

Multiplied by 10 years, - - - L.42 15 0

Making the total repayments, - L.427 10 0

Deduct 10 years' rent (paid or received), 300 0 0

Leaving the cost, as far as the building society is concerned, - - - L.127 10 0

For which sum the member has thus secured to his family a house free of rent for the remainder of its lease. The above example is for 10 years; a party can, however, purchase a house by smaller annual payments, by taking the loan out for 12 or 14 years.*

Thus we see building societies, constructed on safe and respectable principles, do not give us our houses or loans altogether for nothing. We do not purchase a house,

* As we are not acquainted with any district where a house renting at L.30 could be purchased for L.300, we have, in our own ideal example, given a less flattering view of results. The above case, however, serves equally well to illustrate the theory.—Ed.

unless under remarkably advantageous circumstances, by merely paying the usual rent to a building society for ten years; but by a reasonable effort—by the sacrifice, perhaps, of an unimportant luxury—we may attain this desirable object, and become our own landlord. In the case given above, the purchase would cost the borrower only £12, 15s. a year for a very reasonable space.

We cannot follow our author into the working details of such a society, but we are rather surprised to observe that in so judicious a work there is omitted all reference to the very basis upon which the security of the members rests. Building societies are mainly intended for the benefit of persons of very moderate means, and their cash transactions are not upon the footing of public respectability, which gives security, for instance, in a bank. This is the first point to be considered; for even the wild miscalculations we have pointed out in some terminating societies will merely involve partial loss, or carry on their duration beyond the period specified. There must be security for the intrusions of those who are in anyway concerned in handling the money of the company, or the wisdom with which the scheme may be connected will be no guarantee against ruinous loss.

PETER MACKENZIE THE NATURALIST.

To readers of the various horticultural periodicals of the present day the name of this naturalist will be familiar. Week after week, and month after month, communications appear in such publications from the industrious pen of Peter Mackenzie on subjects relating to almost every department of natural history and gardening: at one time philosophising upon the obscure birth of storms from the observations made upon a dewdrop, and at another discussing some scheme for increasing the productive riches of our country; now communicating some observations calculated to extend our knowledge of the laws that regulate the local and geographical distribution of organic beings, and again relating in familiar style some of those simple facts in natural history that find so much interest with the lover of nature who has not viewed her objects by the light of science. Long, however, as the gardening world have familiarly known Peter Mackenzie the naturalist, such as he has been mirrored in the *monthlies* and *weeklies*, very few, indeed, know aught of Peter Mackenzie the man. At present it is our pleasing task to disclose something of his private life; and although his is not a history chequered by the exciting incidents of fortune and misfortune, it is nevertheless one likely to prove interesting, as showing, in a thoroughly practical manner, that the purest intellectual enjoyments are attainable in the humblest rank of society; that the labourer, after his hard day's work is done, may calmly sit down by the fireside, and spend his evenings in the prosecution of scientific study, without any sacrifice of domestic enjoyment.

Peter Mackenzie was born in the parish of St Ninians, near Stirling, on 17th July 1802. His parents were in a very humble station, his father being a country weaver; but a scanty income is not necessarily accompanied by poverty and lack of domestic comfort, and through industry and carefulness they spent their days in a comfortable manner, leaving at their death a small portion to their family. Peter was the second of six sons, who all became gardeners. His scholastic education consisted of reading, writing, and a little arithmetic—acquirements that seemed ample, indeed somewhat rare, for one in his humble station of life in the rural districts of Scotland forty years ago. In his early days he used, like all other country boys, to stroll among the woods, gathering the wild berries and the wild flowers that came in his way; and on one occasion, inspired by his father's enthusiastic description of the woods, the streams, and the waterfalls of his native place, he left the paternal roof unknown to his parents, and wandered away to gratify his youthful curiosity by a ramble among these scenes of beauty and sublimity. But this

was more a boyish frolic than a testimony of his love of natural-history investigations. His eyes had not then learned to love and linger upon such interesting beauties of the woodland as *Serratula tinctoria* and the white-flowered *Campanula latifolia*, which he in after-years detected in the Moonzie woods.

In the spring of 1820 he went to reside for a time with his brother, then gardener to the late Sir George Murray, governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, where his taste for gardening and natural history were first evinced. Here he entered, as it were, upon a new world; and the lovely gardens under his brother's care, bursting into life and beauty, lured him often to watch and admire the lovely flowers that adorned them. This soon induced him to begin the study of botany, in such a manner as his circumstances would allow. Many a weary wandering had he in the adjoining woods—lonely, yet not less delightful for that—seeking the many native gems which the district produced; and he preferred culling the heather-bells that crowned the hills of Bagshot Heath, to gazing on the military heroes of the age—from the Duke of Wellington downwards—who were frequent visitors at Sandhurst, and much more likely, one would think, to interest a boyish fancy than the modest flowers of the hedgerows. On his brother's bookshelf he found several standard works on gardening, such as those of Abercromby, Nicoll, Speechly, and Forsyth, through which he gained a pretty intimate acquaintance with the principles as well as the practical details of horticulture; but the books that chiefly engaged his attention were Lee's 'Introduction to Botany,' Donn's 'Catalogue of Plants,' and Thornton's 'Grammar of Botany'—the last of which he committed almost entirely to memory, by learning a few of the terms at a time—a most laborious mode of acquiring the elements of a science, and one which he assuredly would never have pursued had he had the benefit of an instructor to guide him in his studies. By the aid of these works he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Linnæan system of botany, which forms a most convenient key to all future researches in the science, and soon became familiar with the scientific titles of most of the plants cultivated in the garden at Sandhurst; but he still felt the want of a proper acquaintance with the generic and specific characters of vegetables—a deficiency which was not supplied for some years afterwards. While residing at Sandhurst, his enthusiastic attachment to botanical pursuits gained him admission to many of the celebrated horticultural establishments in the surrounding neighbourhood, which were of great benefit to him in extending his knowledge of the floral riches of other lands. The royal garden in the vicinity of Windsor, as well as the gardens of the Marquis of Devonshire, and many others of note, were frequently visited by Peter; and during these visits he was often brought into contact with such eminent horticulturists as Mr Ingram, gardener to her Majesty, and Mr Towers, now overseer to his Royal Highness Prince Albert at Osborne.

After a stay of about two years at Sandhurst, the subject of our memoir proceeded to London; and having previously decided upon gardening as the means of gaining his daily bread, he obtained work in a metropolitan nursery. Although one of the youngest hands employed in the grounds, he very soon distinguished himself, and the plant-houses were committed to his charge, including an extensive collection of Alpine plants, which he experienced great pleasure in nursing with the tenderest care; for those lowly gems that form the scanty Flora of the frigid regions are esteemed above all others by the genuine botanist.

Anxious to improve himself as much as possible in his profession, by gaining an acquaintance with every department of horticultural science, and with the systems of cultivation adopted at different places, Peter left London to take charge of the forcing department in the gardens of the Earl of Limerick, South-hill Park, where he had opportunities of obtaining a practical

acquaintance with the culture of the pine-apple, and forcing in general. His studies of native botany were not, however, entirely laid aside; and when the labours of the day were over, he enjoyed many a pleasant summer evening's ramble over miles of muir and heather, which formerly were part of Windsor Forest.

After living in several other situations nearer London, he left England about the end of the year 1824; and retracing his steps northwards, in the spring of 1825, he obtained a situation in the garden of Tulliallan, near Kincardine. Here he had the advantage of an excellent circulating library, including such important works as the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' &c.; and he made considerable advances in the study of natural history, more particularly botany, which was always his favourite subject. He commenced the study of conchology, but chiefly occupied himself with botany, and now began a thorough examination of our native Flora. For this purpose he made a trip to Edinburgh, to purchase books on the subject, among which was Smith's 'Flora Britannica.' This work being in Latin, he devoted the long winter evenings to the acquisition of that language, and was able to take the field, with Smith as a useful pocket companion, by the time the first primrose of spring appeared. He likewise acquired enough of French to enable him to understand 'Le Bon Jardinier.'

After a short sojourn in the Royal Botanic Garden of Edinburgh, he returned to reside with his mother at St Ninian's, and entered the employment of Messrs Drummond and Sons, Stirling, where he enjoyed the advantages of the lectures delivered in the Stirling School of Arts, and other local means of intellectual improvement. While here, he made several excursions to the Highland districts with the view of extending his knowledge of our alpine Flora. In one season he visited various parts of the higher districts of Perthshire, Forfarshire, &c.; and during the next ascended Ben Lawers—returning by Killin, Lochearnhead, Ben Ledi, and Callender. He was frequently to be seen with his vasculum on his shoulder, or his geological hammer and bag by his side, wandering among the Campsie hills and the Ochils.

Peter finally settled in 1828 in the employment of Robert Louis, Esq. of West Plean. Ever since, he has been ardently engaged in his favourite studies during the leisure hours which his employment affords. The kindness of his employer places a day or two of holiday now and then at his disposal; and situated in a local position of the most favourable kind for the naturalist, and in the vicinage of some of the noblest of nature's scenes, he has eagerly embraced these opportunities of exploring the fields and mountains of his native land—at one time gathering the lowly flowers of Ben Lomond, and at another making his bed among the harebells on the mossy banks of Loch Katrine. His observations in natural history he has from time to time been in the habit of communicating to the various journals and magazines of gardening, and has by this means been frequently brought into correspondence and personal contact with distinguished followers of science. He used to write for the 'Gardeners' Magazine,' when under the superintendence of Mr Loudon; and one morning he received from the hand of a special messenger a note of invitation to breakfast with that celebrated naturalist in the Royal Hotel, Stirling, Mr Loudon being then on a horticultural tour in Scotland. Peter justly considered this an honour of no mean kind. What passed that morning was made the subject of a leading article in the 'Gardeners' Magazine,' dated from Stirling, in which Mr Loudon—without venturing to offend the retiring modesty of Peter by mentioning his name—refers to the circumstance that he had been in conversation with one of the most intelligent gardeners he had met with in Scotland.

Thus have we briefly sketched the peaceful path through life, so far as it has gone, of a common working-man, but one who has sought out for himself enjoy-

ments of a more lofty character than are usually aimed at in his humble sphere. He enjoys a degree of domestic happiness and contentment rarely to be met with in such a humble home, and with such a scanty income as has always been his lot. With a loving wife, and a rising family around him, he seeks his evening enjoyments at his own fireside, quietly pursuing his favourite studies of natural history, and now and then communicating the results of his observations and investigations to the world. In perusing the productions of Peter Mackenzie in the horticultural magazines, few may have conjectured that they were penned in so humble a home, and by one so unambitious of fame; or that the love of nature they exhibit is so genuine a transcript of the mind of the writer.

THE CHÂTELAINE OF TO-DAY AND OF OTHER TIMES.

We presume that most of our readers know the meaning of the word *châtelaine* in our modern English vocabulary. They have doubtless seen depending from the waists of our fashionable ladies a huge bunch of steel or golden chains, which gently rustle with every movement of the wearer, and from each of which is suspended some article of household use—a key, a pincushion, a thimble-case, a penknife, a corkscrew, &c. &c. We might imagine this to be a symptom of revived notability among the higher classes of our countrywomen, did not the Lilliputian size of these various articles forbid the supposition. No; it is but the whim of fashion, and a very harmless one too. To talk of the uselessness of these trinkets would be but an idle cavil; for who ever supposes that the fairy-wand of fashion is to be stretched out under the guidance of utility or common sense? We only allude to this novelty here by way of contrasting the ancient and modern meaning of the word, and to show how insensibly it has changed its signification. This we can best do by presenting our readers with pictures of some ladies who, at different epochs of modern civilisation, have illustrated the character of *châtelaine* in France, from whose language, we need scarcely say, this word is taken. It is not necessary for this purpose to go back to the early ages of Chivalry, when each manorial house was a castle, and its mistress, in the fullest sense of the word, a *châtelaine*, or castle-keeper. Let us, only for a moment, transport ourselves to the ancient manor of La Louverie, which still stands in tolerable preservation near the foot of the Vosges, and which offers a very fair specimen of the French châteaux of former days.

The edifice forms a long parallelogram, flanked with four small round towers, and stands on an elevated spot above the neighbouring village, which seems as if it rested peacefully beneath its protection. Its parapets, drawbridges, and posterns, have nearly disappeared: upon its walls there is neither escutcheon nor device; but above the principal gate there still appears a wolf salient on a field of gules, with the motto, 'Lupa ridet.' These are the speaking arms of the Seigneurs de la Louverie, at whose dwelling we are about to glance. The ground-floor, which is chiefly occupied by the present proprietor and his family, is simply furnished, and offers nothing remarkable in its aspect; but the ancient adornments of the first-floor have been so religiously preserved, that, on ascending the handsome black marble staircase, and wandering through the apartments, one is transported in thought to bygone periods of castle-life in France. At first the low ceiling, with its ponderous uncovered beams; the deep-set ogive windows; the leather hangings stamped with gold; the sandalwood *prie-dieu*; the state bed, with its twisted pillars, its plume of feathers, its damask curtains embroidered with the family coat-of-arms—all bring the sixteenth century clearly before your eyes, with its rich and stately costliness. But if you penetrate into the right wing of the building, you feel yourself almost in presence of the *grand roi*, whose favourite ebony presses, luxurious *fauteuils*, and mythological timepieces, still bear the name of Louis Quatorze. And again, if we

look into the opposite wing, the eighteenth century is represented in all the coquettish elegance of its Pompadour pier-glasses, its Chinese figures, its Japanese vases, its painted hangings; nor must we forget to notice a *bergerie* of Watteau's, and two beautiful *pastels* of Latour's, representing Louis XV. and the dauphin—*pastels* whose colours have in a most remarkable manner preserved all their original freshness. In this latter apartment are to be found the portraits of some of the most distinguished *châtelaines* of La Louverie; and in accordance with our proposed plan, we go on to give a sketch of three of those who, at different epochs, have the most fully embodied the spirit of their times. First, let us pause before the antique frame in which is enshased the portrait of

IOLANDE D'ASTREL, FIRST COUNTESS DE LA LOUVERIE.

Married at sixteen to a man every way worthy of her, Iolande's tastes remained pure and simple as in the days of her childhood. She quitted her mountains but once to be presented at court: it was in the reign of Henry II. Iolande's noble and independent spirit had but little sympathy with the corruption and the intrigues of Catharine de Médici's Italian court. She hastened back as soon as possible to her beloved castle, where she spent the remainder of her days. It is there that we will contemplate her in the usual course of her domestic life.

The first *angelus* has sounded; it is scarcely daylight, and yet Iolande is dressed. She comes with the little Bertha and Dame Regina, the *intendante*, to attend family worship. Masters and servants meet together on their knees, to ask the blessing of God upon their daily labours. Immediately afterwards each one receives his appointed task—labourers and farmers, knitters and spinners, messengers of town and country, all are sent on their mission of healthful toil. Nor are the heads of the household idle. The count goes to preside at the court of the bailiwick; while Iolande, surrounded by her women, sits in a large apartment, where she diligently embroiders in silver a vest for her lord and master. Her work is only interrupted by the caresses of Bertha, or by a visit of helpful charity to the poorer vassals of the domain, in which she is accompanied by her youthful daughter; and rarely does a day pass without Bertha receiving from her mother this practical lesson of benevolence. But while we are depicting the life and character of our *châtelaine*, let us not forget to give some idea of her person. Iolande's figure is tall and dignified; her close-fitting habit, of a *feuille-morte* colour, reminds one of the huntress Diana; her head-dress, a *toque à la Jeanne* and her *amouillère* always at her side: such is her usual costume.

The castle has, however, its festal as well as its working days; and it is at such times that the courtly farthingale, the costly pearl-necklace, and ruby bracelets, shine forth in all their splendour. This very morning Iolande is adorned with them in honour of Enguerrand d'Argy, who, after attending her lord for four years upon the battle-field as his squire, is about to receive the reward of his faithful services. Already is the procession advancing towards the chapel, which, by the care of Don Anselm, the almoner, has been decorated with Flanders tapestry and a girdle of white damask embroidered with the family arms. Placed between his brother-at-arms and his godfather, Enguerrand advances and kneels before the count, who, after the usual oath, invests him with the coat-of-mail, the sword, and the spurs, saying to him at the conclusion, 'In the name of God, of St Michael, and St George, I make thee a knight: be courteous and loyal.' Then Iolande bestows on him a gold-fringed scarf, and the sound of trumpets announces that the ceremony is over.

This martial service is followed by the sport of hawk-ing. Mounted on their finest chargers, the neighbouring barons and gentlemen press around the countess, who, with falcon on wrist, ambles along across the wild uncultivated heath. How eagerly does her glance follow the unhooded bird as it soars proudly upwards, sometimes seizing the innocent dove, sometimes struggling bravely with the kite or the sparrow-hawk! After a few hours spent

in this exciting chase, the whole party return to the castle. On alighting from horseback, Iolande learns that a servant of the count has been thrown from his horse, and severely hurt. She hastens to his succour—for in those days the art of surgery is a feminine accomplishment, and not only do ladies use the lancet, and dress a wound, but also can they compose the celebrated herb-plaster of *Malpighi*. The fair Iolande is followed by her maidens, bearing medicines and bandages, and through her good care the wounded man soon recovers.

But here comes the squire, with his armorial escutcheon blazoned diagonally on his breast: he opens the folding-doors of the grand saloon, and bows twice to the countess, by way of announcing to her that the banquet is served. Nothing is found wanting; neither the wild boar's head stuffed with pistachios, nor the eel *aux andives*, nor the golden pheasant; and there are also the preserved quinces and pomegranates, recently imported from Italy by Catharine of Medicis; and the delicious wines of Rivesaltes and of Jurançon, which flow freely in honour of the newly-created knight: for whose pleasure also Beranger de Sirvat has been invited to the feast. This celebrated man, the last of the *trouvères*, sings his favourite ballads, some of which are accompanied by Iolande on her sweet-stringed instrument, the *thorba*. Midnight sounds from the belfry, and the feast is over; nor are the guests unwilling to repose themselves after the fatigues and pleasures of the day.

DIANA D'OLBREUSE.

But here comes the beautiful Diana d'Olbreuse, for she, too, has been the *Châtelaine* of La Louverie. Her portrait, so full of great airs, and done by Mignard, might tell us the epoch at which she lived, if this *fontange* of rich crimson velvet, these *engayantes* of Artois gimp, this head-dress à la *Ninon*, did not announce to us still more clearly a contemporary of Louis XIV. Nevertheless the attire of Diana and of her grandmother Iolande differ even less than their lives. For Diana there is no more chase with the falcon, no more knights to honour, no more bards to receive: if she passes a few months at the Château de la Louverie in a sort of rustic exile, her heart and her thoughts are not the less devoted to Versailles, for in that brilliant court alone are centered all her wishes. She, like her cousin Madame de Sévigné, has danced with the great monarch, who has done homage to her fine eyes and to her sparkling wit, and from that moment admirers and slaves have crowded around her. But if we would understand her position, let us just follow her in the employment of a single day. Left a widow at the age of eight-and-twenty, she is the absolute mistress of her time and fortune. She is not averse to ease and pleasure: wherefore, then, is she abroad at an hour when most of the courtly dames are still slumbering on their couches? She has risen with the early dawn, and at six o'clock her coach stands waiting before her hotel. Has she not promised to call on M. Louvois, the earliest of ministers? She has a favour to ask of him for a young relation, the Baron d'Arzac, who is vegetating in the provinces in some obscure regiment. He is dying of ennui. She wishes to obtain for him the rank of standard-bearer in the Gendarme-Dauphin. Many nobles of distinction are seeking for the post, but our Armida pleads so eloquently, so gracefully, that the hardhearted minister at length yields to her intreaties. D'Arzac is named in the Gendarme-Dauphin, which, by a lucky chance, is stationed at Rambouillet—no great distance from Versailles.

'Good deeds bring good-luck:' so says the proverb, and so perhaps thought the countess, when, on her return home, she found her friend Lulli, who came to offer her a box for the first representation of his opera of 'Atys.' Benserade and Chaulieu arrive most opportunely, and are to be of the party. They dine at the countess's hotel. Lulli's bon-mots are *piquant* and graceful; the abbé's songs are charming; the repast is so agreeable, that the guests might linger over it longer, if Benserade had not proposed to his fair hostess to go and listen to a very fashionable preacher at the church of St Louis. 'All the court will be there.' The argument is unanswerable:

nor do our friends regret their attendance, for the young Fléchier, in his sermon upon 'La Grâce,' is so simply eloquent, and yet so polished and persuasive, that he kindles the spirits and touches the hearts of his auditory. 'Chaulieu,' said the countess with deep emotion, 'this little abbé will make a noise in the world; remember my prediction.' But however captivating may be the orator, Madame de la Louverie and her friends must make their retreat. It is now six o'clock by Lulli's watch, and in a few minutes his opera will begin. It is his very best performance, he says, and a most happy inspiration. 'We shall see,' replied Benserade coldly.

This is a golden evening for Diana, since, independently of her friendship for Lulli, she is to hear her two favourite singers, Rochois and Baumaviel. Placed in a front seat of the box, she does not lose a note of this music. Baumaviel excels himself in the part of *Atys*, which he performs with so much talent, and such deep tenderness, that the passionate emotion he evinces passes into the hearts of his listeners; and on the name of the composer being announced, the whole audience rise up, and after a prolonged burst of 'bravos!' turn towards the countess, and cry out—'Embrace him, madame, for us all'—a request with which she joyously acquiesces. As for Lulli, he is moved even to tears. This is the most triumphant evening of his life.

As every fashionable evening at Versailles is concluded with play, Diana goes to show herself at the *pharao* of Madame de Noailles. Fortune still seems favourable to her, and in the course of a few minutes she wins a considerable sum. Perhaps she might be tempted to linger there much longer, but that she is to be, early the next morning, of a party to *Marly*—a favour so inestimable, as to be the object of desire and envy to all the courtiers. She vanishes, therefore, with regret; for it is midnight, and the court sets out precisely at seven o'clock. This is the official hour named by Louis XIV. himself; and who will presume to keep the great monarch waiting even a moment!

ATHÉNAÏS DE THERMÈS.

Repose in peace, Iolande, and you, noble Diana! She who inherits your name in the reign of Louis XV. upholds its splendour, and the Countess Athénais is one of the most attractive women of the pleasure-loving period in which she lives. You both did the honours of your salons most admirably; but she is more winning, more captivating in society. You were beautiful: Athénais is pretty. The *crêpe-Pompadour*, the *mouche-assassine*, the jet necklace, set off the brilliancy of her complexion; and if she puts on rouge, it is only in compliance with the caprice of fashion; for her mirror, as well as her *camériste* Florine, assures her she has no need of it. But if we wish to know her better, let us do as we did with the *châtelaines* of former ages, and take a glance at her domestic life.

With very little taste for rural pleasures, she reluctantly visits her old castle of the Vosges. To entertain country gentlemen—to distribute *pain bénit*, as lady of the manor—to crown with roses pretty but low-born maidens—this is all very dull work for a woman of rank and fashion: at least so thought the Countess Athénais. Therefore, with the first falling leaves of autumn, she flies from La Louverie, leaving the count to enjoy alone the pleasures of the chase, and the occupations of planting, giving leases, settling accounts, &c. Our pretty countess, meanwhile, is enjoying other sort of pleasures in Paris, where, on Monday evenings (being the appointed times of her reception), her door is thronged with equipages, with chairs, livery-servants, couriers, &c. Outside, her hotel bears a bright and joyous aspect. Let us, out of curiosity, look within for a moment.

The countess has a slight headache this evening, which imparts to her features a certain degree of languor, which adds to their beauty. Like a woman of true taste, she has avoided any display of toilette at her own house: her head-dress, *crêpe-plat*, without ornaments; her robe, a zizoline, without flounces; such is her attire. Scarcely has she entered her saloon, when M. de Létorière is an-

nounced. He is the most fascinating* man at court, and his fine form and countenance are set off by his costume. What can be more perfect in point of taste than these points of dead gold, this sword-tie à la *maréchale*, or what more costly than this emerald-green coat of the richest velvet, and these shoe-buckles sparkling with jewels! Létorière advances courteously—'In truth, fair lady, I am most fortunate in seeing you this evening, for despite your headache, you look divinely pretty (*jolie à miracle*).'

This phrase is uttered with the graceful nonchalance so peculiar to himself. He then takes up the countess' lapdog, teases it, fondles it. But other visitors are announced. The apartments are soon thronged. Compliments, witticisms, repartees, are heard on all sides. But what attracts the company to this side of the saloon! A *macao* has just been established; a thousand laos are on the table, which sufficiently explains the divers exclamations which are heard, and the passion depicted on many faces, which had previously been clothed with smiles: the love of gold triumphs over all gentler feelings. In the adjoining boudoir, however, the scene is far different: there the buzzing of a fly might be heard, so wrapt is the attention of those who are gathered round St Lambert as he recites the first canto of his poem, 'The Seasons.' Buffon, Diderot, Fontenelle, La Harpe, are among his listeners, and they are not less captivated by the beauty of his voice and the perfection of his intonation and his gesture, than by the merit of a work which was extremely popular in those days. No sooner is the reading ended, than the warmest plaudits are heard on all sides; and then supper is announced. And who knows not what were the *petits soupers* of those days of *gourmandise* and dissipation!

To-morrow, new pleasures, new fêtes. Longchamps† has its spiritual concert: Athénais must positively show herself there, although it can be but for a moment; for on this same evening a very fashionable piece, 'Les Fausses Confidences,' by Marivaux, is to be rehearsed at Madame de Poplinière's, and the part of *Araminta* has been assigned to her.

Such was the course of life pursued by the Châtelaine de la Louverie in the eighteenth century. Need we say that this title had now lost all its significance! The possessor of it no longer valued its privileges, nor attended to its duties; she cared not to welcome the stranger within her baronial walls; she gave no heed to the wants or the sorrows of her vassals; so the hearts of those vassals were turned away from her, and that title which she had despised passed away into an empty name; nor will it probably ever be revived, save in the glittering bauble which has recently been appended to the waists of our fashionable ladies.

And so will it ever be! For when once any great reality has been allowed to dwindle into an idle 'sham,' then assuredly is it on the eve of fading altogether into oblivion, or else of passing into a shadowy mockery of its former self.

THE EXPECTED COMET.

For some time expectations have been entertained in the learned world respecting the appearance of a large comet. There has, however, been considerable diversity of opinion as to the exact period when it would show itself in the heavens. The reason for this diversity is the difficulty of appreciating and calculating the retardations which comets suffer by being drawn, as it were, out of their ordinary course by the larger planets. Matter attracts matter, and consequently a comet in shooting past a planet is attracted and retarded according to the distance and respective size of the two bodies. That there should be a power of ascertaining and measuring these perturbing influences, gives one an impressive idea of mathematical science. A man

* M. Létorière's history is given in No. 226 of this Journal, under the title of 'L'homme Charmant.'

† See No. 232 of the Journal.

sits down to study, and with pen, paper, and compasses, calculates and tells you where a vagrant comet was hundreds of years ago, and where it will again present itself hundreds of years hence. Such nicety, however, is required in these calculations, that it is not wonderful that errors should occur, and that the predictions on the subject should slightly vary.

The comet now in expectation is that which appeared in 1264, and again in 1556. The length of time between these two periods may be easily computed, but that would not tell us when would be the next appearance; because the causes and degrees of retardation are different in the two journeys through space. Astronomers all over Europe have been for some time busy in making researches in this interesting branch of inquiry; and it may be said to be a matter of pride which country shall furnish the most correct prediction—in other words, which shall show itself most profoundly skilled in mathematics. England, Germany, the Netherlands, and France, are ardently competing. As yet, none can say which is to gain the prize. Meanwhile the London papers have been giving accounts of what certain astronomers are doing in this cometary struggle. One of the most instructive parts of the discussion is a letter in the 'Times' from Mr J. R. Hind, describing the results at which Bomme, a Netherland astronomer, has arrived; and this we abridge as follows, for the sake of extending a knowledge of the subject:—

'I have just,' says Mr Hind, 'received from M. Bomme of Middleburg a very complete memoir, which has been recently published by the Royal Institute of Sciences in the Netherlands. It is the result of a long and laborious series of calculations, performed on the most approved methods of modern mathematicians.

'In order to predict the time of reappearance of a comet moving in an elliptic orbit, with allowance for the attractions of the planets, it is necessary that we should know the precise time of revolution corresponding to some past epoch (as, for instance, the previous perihelion passage), or the period which the comet would require to perform its circuit round the sun, if all planetary disturbances were to cease from that moment. The comet in question was observed in 1264 and 1556, and the interval between the perihelion passages in those years amounted to 106,567 days, or 291½ years; but this tells us nothing with respect to the length of period corresponding to the ellipse described at the instant of perihelion either in 1264 and 1556, since it includes the united effects of planetary perturbations between those years. Therefore, before we can ascertain the epoch of the next return, we must calculate the amount of acceleration or retardation due to the disturbances between 1264 or 1556, which being applied to the above period, gives us the exact time of revolution of the comet at the moment of perihelion passage in the former year, and hence we ascertain the period in 1556. Having found this, we can calculate how much it would be increased or diminished by planetary attraction up to the present time, and thus determine the date of the next arrival at perihelion. This is essentially the method adopted by M. Bomme, and he has performed a great part of the computations in duplicate—first, with the elements of Halley, in 1556, found in all our catalogues of cometary orbits, and, again, with my final elements, published in the "Astronomische Nachrichten" of Professor Schumacher, the "Comptes Rendus" of the French Institute, the "Notices" of the Royal Astronomical Society, and elsewhere: this last set only came to M. Bomme's knowledge when he had nearly completed the first series of calculations, but, as he considered them more exact, he went through the greater part of the work again. With these elements, taking into account the attraction of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, between 1264 and the present time, and of Venus and the Earth in 1556, it is found that the length of the comet's revolution at the time of perihelion passage in 1264 was 110,644 days, or 302·922 years; and in 1556, 112,561 days, or 309·169 years; that the effects of perturbation will diminish this period 2166 days, and therefore the present revolution will occupy 110,395 days, or 302½ years, so that the comet will return again to its perihelion on the 2d of August 1853, and will then be moving in an ellipse of 112,785 days' period. With Halley's elements, the true time of revolution of the comet in 1556 was 112,943 days, and the perturbations should di-

minish the ensuing period about 1797 days, whence we find the next perihelion passage will occur on August 22, 1860.

'Thus M. Bomme concludes, that if the true elements of the orbit in 1556 were within the limits assigned by Halley's calculation and my own, the comet will appear again between 1858 and 1860. The main cause of this uncertainty is the difference between the two determinations of the position of the major axis, or line of Apelles, in 1556. Halley fixes the perihelion in longitude 278° 50', while I place it in longitude 274° 15', deviating 4° 35'. Having expended a good deal of time and trouble some years ago on the calculations for my orbit, I believe I may safely state that the utmost allowance that can be made for error in the position of the major axis does not exceed 4°, so that it is probable the time fixed for the return of the comet by my elements (August 2, 1853) must be within two years of the truth, and therefore we have but little chance of seeing it within six years from this time. At anyrate, the supposed delay in its reappearance is fully accounted for through the zeal and industry of M. Bomme, whose calculations as regards extent and intricacy may vie with those of Clairault and Rosenberger for Halley's comet.'

THE HOUSE FLY.

A fly on the wing is no less curious an object than one on foot; yet when do we trouble our heads about it, except as a thing which troubles us? The most obvious wonder of its flight is its variety of direction, most usually forwards, with its back like a bird; but on occasions backwards, with its back downwards, as when starting from the window, and alighting on the ceiling. Marvellous velocity is another of its characteristics. By fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race-horse clearing his mile a minute to the speed of the fly cutting through her third of the same distance in the same time! And what the speed of our steaming giants, the grand puffers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers—of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may ever follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight, as friendly offerings! But, however, with their game the flies themselves would be most in 'keeping' on the atmospheric line—a principal agent in their flight, as well as in that of other insects, being the air. This enters from the breathing organs of their bodies in the nerves and muscles of their wings, from which arrangement their velocity depends, not alone on muscular power, but also on the state of the atmosphere. How does the fly buzz? is another question more easily asked than answered. 'With its wings, to be sure!' hastily replies one of our readers. 'With its wings, as they vibrate upon the air,' responds another, with a smile half of contempt half of complacency at his own more common measurement of natural philosophy. But how, then, let us ask, can the great dragon-fly, and other similar broad-pinioned, rapid-flying insects, cut through the air with silent swiftness, while others go on buzzing when not upon the wing at all? Rennie, who has already put this posing query, himself ascribes the sound partially to air, but to air as it plays on the 'edges of their wings at their origin, as with an Æolian harp string,' or to the friction of some internal organ on the root of the wings' nervures. Lastly, how does the fly feed?—the busy, curious fly, that 'drinks with me,' but does not 'drink as I;' his sole instrument for eating or drinking being his trunk or suck, the narrow pipe by means of which, when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk may seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer or sirup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry, but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing 'small by degrees' under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal fashion, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into sirup.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

A RIDE IN A HURRICANE THROUGH THE SUGAR-CANES.

As we rapidly traversed the thickest part of the forest, doubting, darkling, and dripping from every pore with rain and perspiration, the hurricane came on in all its devastating frenzy, sweeping with resistless fury through the forest,

and bending with tremendous force the tops of the tallest and toughest trees almost to the earth out of which they grew. The thunder, which in the meanwhile had been approaching, now burst in astounding peals directly over our heads, waking up all the echoes of the surrounding forest, scaring the terrified birds from their nests, which with bewildered flight fluttered athwart the clashing branches of the trees; whilst the other wild inmates of the wilderness, startled from their lairs and hidingplaces, were hurrying to and fro in terror and confusion. The profound obscurity that prevailed was at intervals of two or three minutes broken by the most vivid flashes of lightning, which illuminated, though but for an almost inappreciable space of time, every glade and bole of the forest, rendering distinctly visible by its livid and awful brilliancy the minutest objects. The dire concord, or rather discord, of sights and sounds that took place on these rapidly-fleeting occasions was of the most extraordinary, appalling, yet ludicrous description. The instant the lightning flashed and exposed to view the numberless monkeys squatted upon the trees; the owls, vampire-bats, and other obscene birds of night, perched upon the branches; the vipers twined round their trunks, or creeping about their roots; and the wild animals hurrying to and fro on the ground; at that instant a horrid assemblage of sounds, composed of the hideous gibberings and squeakings of the monkeys, accompanied by the most ludicrous grimaces and contortions, the hootings of the owls, the shrieks of the vampire-bats, the hissing of the serpents, and the cries and howlings of the other wild animals, burst upon the startled ear, and surpassed, in the horror and hideousness of its *ensemble*, all the discordancy and terror of sound imagined by poets of the most heated imagination in their descriptions of the monsters of this world or the demons of the other. This appalling combination of sounds and sights thus momentarily heard and seen by the blue and lurid glare of the lightning, and accompanied by the fierce bellowing of the thunder, gave a shock similar to that which the mind might be supposed to feel if the awful veil that hides the shadowy terrors of the other world had been drawn aside, and the approach to the eternal abodes of misery and pain disclosed for an instant to the horrified gaze of mortal vision.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

A MARTYR'S VICTORY.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBOURN LYONS, LL.D.

[When Alaric the Goth was defeated at Pollentia and Verona (A.D. 403) by Stilicho, the general of Honorius, and so driven for a time from Italy, the Romans celebrated that event with great rejoicing and magnificence. A triumphal procession and a conflict of wild beasts at once dazzled and gratified the multitude. The shows of gladiators were then for ever brought to an end by Telemachus, an Asiatic monk, whom the people stoned to death in the amphitheatre for attempting to separate the combatants. Honorius was thus reminded of his duty as a Christian emperor, and soon after put forth an edict forbidding all such exhibitions for the future.]

THE streets are thronged in mighty Rome,
The gleaming ensigns spread,
While warriors march in triumph home,
With firm and measured tread:
For, bowed at last, and forced to yield
On rough Pollentia's crimson field,
Stern Alaric has fled,
And left his ruthless Gothic powers
All crushed beneath Verona's towers.

Those who once quailed at that dire name
May now deride their foe,
And boast as if they shared the fame
Of glorious Stilicho—
Of him who felt no craven fears
Rise at the flash of northern spears,
And struck no feeble blow,
But matched, with trophies green and high,
The monuments of days gone by.

But when the clear Italian sun
Pours down its noontide fire,
The trumpet speaks the games begun
Which idle crowds admire;
And soon, from barred and gloomy caves
Driven howling out by troops of slaves,
In grim and sullen ire,
Beasts, the wild brood of many a land,
Pace with loud rage the level sand.

Gertula's lion, freshly brought
From scorched and desert plains,
And ravening tigers newly sought
On Parthia's waste domains;
Beasts from the frozen Oder's mouth,
And panthers from the burning south,
Bred in old Nubian fens,
Make there a stern and ghastly fray
For tribes more savage far than they.

But hark! the trumpet's warning peal
Is sounding as before,
And bondsmen clear, with staff and steel,
The red arena's floor;
The fainting brutes are swept away—
This saved to bleed another day,
That weltering in its gore;
And *men*, of martial frame and race,
Take with slow step the vacant place.

Two, chosen from the warlike throng,
Begin a deadly strife:
One a gray swordsman, scarred and strong,
One in the bloom of life;
This nursed where snows on Hemus shine,
That torn from hills beside the Rhine
From children, home, and wife;
And high-born matrons hold their breath,
All bent to see the work of death.

Their toil was fierce, but short; and now,
Flung bleeding in the dust,
The Thracian waits, with pale cold brow,
The last and mortal thrust;
When rushing forth, till then unscathed,
A swarthy pilgrim leaps between,
Strong in a Christian's trust,
And drenched with blood, yet undismayed,
Slays with fixed grasp the uplifted blade.

A light smooth cross of cedar wood
The gentle stranger bore,
Long worn in holy solitude
On Syria's palmy shore:
'Romans,' he said, 'for Him whose birth
Gave hopes divine of peace on earth,
Rise, and for evermore,
Servants of God in act and name,
Cast off these works of wrong and shame.'

He ceased; a sowl like noon's eclipse
Spreads fast from seat to seat,
And fourscore thousand hostile lips
Loud words of wrath repeat:
They rave and roar, as groves of pine
Waked on the Etrurian Apennine
When storms the tall crags beat,
Till, heaved and troubled furiously,
Breaks in one surge that living sea.

The German leaves his task undone,
The Thracian creeps aside,
The swordsmen flee like herds that shun
Vexed Arno's foaming tide;
But, as a pharos meets the shock
Of waves on some unsheltered rock
Where seas are deep and wide,
Telemachus looked up and trod
That post of danger true to God.

And when the atony tempest burst
On his defenceless head,
He stood unshrinking as at first,
As free from doubt or dread:
With aspect full of peace and love,
As if he came from worlds above,
And hands in prayer outspread,
He laid him down, nor breathed again,
Whelmed by that host of vengeful men.

Yet deem thou not the martyr died
Warring for right in vain;
His was the prize for which he sighed,
And his the eternal gain:
Fierce Alaric shall yet return,
And Rome's fair dwellings blaze and burn,
Filled with red heaps of slain;
But scarce, where man must bleed for mirth,
Shall blood no more the ransomed earth.

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